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STIFF-WINGED BUZZARDS.

I wonder if the buzzard don't
Gilt mighty tired o' flyin'
Des roun', an' roun', an' roun' all day
An' never seem a tryin'
To go nowhere, ner guthin' much.
Like jaybirds does, an' crows;
But flops aroun' an' rides the wind
An' sails the way it blows.
Peers like they'd want to rest the jints,
Sometimes, 'at's in thur wings;
Peers like they'd light down on the ground,
Sometimes to look for things.
But Uncle Ezra says they can't.
He speets, stop sallin' roun'.
Jes' cos thur wings gits stiff an' won't
Shet up an' let 'em down.
An' Uncle Ezra, he shot one.
An' killed hit dead one day;
But, shaw, hit's wings wuz both plum sot
An' hit flewed on away.
But hit will shorely drop some time.
They ain't no tellin' where;
I 'spect the wind haz blowed hit now
A hundred mile s' from here.

THE BURIAL OF GINGER JAMES.

A spell I had to wait
Out-side the barrick gate,
For Ginger James was passin' out as I was
passin' in;
'E was only a recruit,
But I give 'im the salute,
For I'll never git another chance of givin' it
agin'
'E'd little brains, I'll swear,
Beneath 'is ginger 'air,
'Is personal attractions, well, they wasn't very
large;
'E was fust in ev'ry mill,
An' a foul-mouthed cur, but still
We'll forgive 'im s' drawbacks--'e 'as taken 'is
discharge.
'E once got fourteen days,
For drunken, idle ways,
An' the Colonel said the nasty things that Col-
onels sometimes say;
'E called 'im to 'is face

The regiment's disgrace--
But the Colonel took 'is 'at off when 'e passed
'im by to-day.

For days 'e used to dwell
Inside a guard-room cell,
Where they put the darbies on 'im for a 'owlin'
savage brute;
But as by the guard 'e went
They gave 'im the present,
The little bugler sounded off the 'general
salute."

The band turned out to play
Poor Ginger James away;
'Is captain and 'is company came down to see
him off;
An' thirteen file an' rank,
With three rounds each of blank;
An' 'e rode down on a carriage, like a bloomin'
elty toff!

'E doesn't want no pass,
'E's journeyin' first-class;
Is trav'llin' ruz's a union jack, which isn't bad
at all;
The tune the drummers play
It isn't so very gay,
But a rather slow selection, from a piece that's
known as "Saul."

—EDGAR WALLACE.

A SWEET THING.

Said the Spanish fly
As he fluttered by,
"I'm versed in various tapies,
I've sipped the sweet
Of things to eat
In all the zones and tropics,
"In crimson flood
I've drunk the blood
Of damseis dark and lighter,
And tasted flesh
Both rank and fresh
Of peaceful folk and fighter,
"But none was rare
As the last bite fair,
"Mong all the clans and classes,
I've been in luck,
Got badly stuck
On dark brown Cuban 'lasses."

—Macon Telegraph.